

Little Corners

CHARACTER BUILDING STORIES

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might, rubbed and sang softly a little song:—

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

"Why do you rub at the knives forever?" asked Mary. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "'You in your small corner,' you know, 'and I in mine.' I will do the best I can; that is all I can do."

"I would not waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"Jesus will," said Georgia; and then she sang again,—

"You in your small corner,
And I in mine."



"Cooking the dinner is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I suppose I must. If Jesus knows about knives, it is likely that he does about dinners." And she took particular pains.

"Mary, the dinner was very nicely cooked today," Miss Emma said.

"That is all due to Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased face. Then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles; she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted or not," she said. "I will hurry them over." But after she heard about the knives, she did her best.



"How beautifully my dress is done!" Helen said.
Emma, laughing, answered,
"That is owing to Georgia." Then she told about
the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged, "I really
cannot go this evening.
I am going to prayer-meeting; my 'corner' is
there."

"Your 'corner'! What do you mean?"

Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me,
perhaps I will with you," and they went to the
prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this
evening," their pastor said to them as they were going home. "I was
afraid you would not be here."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen. "She seemed to think she
must do what she could, if it were only to clean the knives." Then she
told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a
poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use; but I must do
what I can."



In the house a sick man was
lying. Again and again the
minister had called, but the
invalid would not listen to him.
Tonight the minister said, "I
have come to tell you a little
story." Then he told him about
Georgia Willis, about her knives
and her little corner, and her
"doing what she could." The sick
man wiped the tears from his
eyes, and said, "I will find my
corner, too. I will try to shine for
Jesus." And the sick man was
Georgia's father.

Jesus, looking down at her that



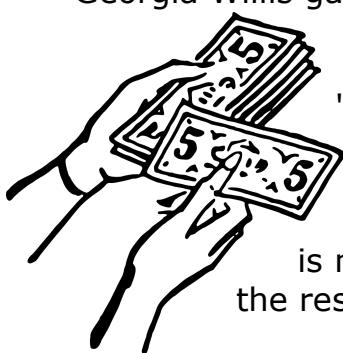
day, said, "She hath done what she could," and gave the blessing.

"I believe I will not go for a walk," said Helen, hesitatingly. "I will finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child, are you here sewing?" her mother said. "I thought you had gone for a walk." "No, mother; this dress seemed to be in my 'corner,' so I thought I would finish it."

"In your 'corner'!" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The doorbell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her pastor. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars that she had laid aside for missions. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am. I will make it twenty-five dollars."

And I seemed to hear Georgia's guardian angel say to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to our dear people in India today."



"Twenty-five dollars!" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"O, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in heaven is not, you know! She did what she could, and he did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:—

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."



Word Glossary

Fluted--pleated with very small, round pleats

Invalid--a sick person